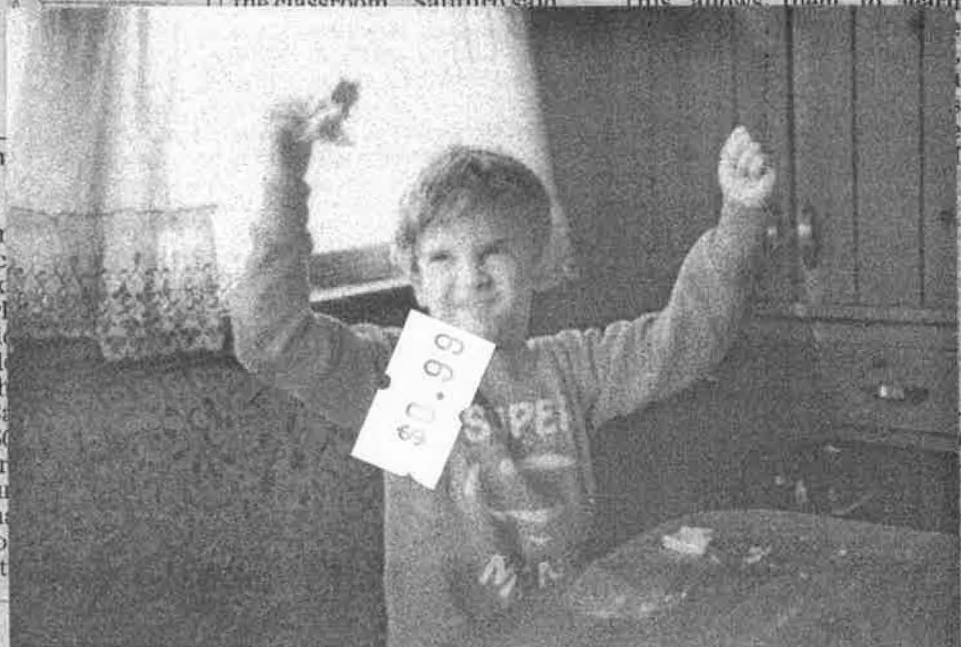


The Sound Interrupt

Issue #7 / Fall – Winter Edition

screen to a big screen in front of the classroom," Salituro said. "This allows them to learn



Featuring:

Apocalypse Hoboken

*tomsawyer

Hysteric



Editorial

This terrorism thing is so over hyped. Hell, telephone terrorism has been part of my life ever since 1995. That's right folks, you heard me right, telephone terrorism. We have all been effected by it, some of us might not have been aware of it when it happens but it does, day after day after day. These terrorists usually call around 5 or 6 PM, right when a true American family is trying to have a true American meal. As if these terrorists weren't terrorizing enough, calling American families at their American dinners they usually call right when the American family is saying an American prayer right before they eat, how un-American is that? I've kept a strong statistical database on this "Prayer Telephone Terrorism" and I was astounded to find after I wrapped up my 3 year study that the ratio of telephone terrorism calls while dinner prayers were in effect was 13 in 20. This is sheer terror! As if things couldn't get worse these telephone terrorists have the indecency to try and make a conversation with you saying things like "Hello, my name is Mike Pearson from AT&T. We are offering a new long distance plan that will soon be servicing your area". The saddest thing about telephone terrorism is that there is really no way to protect yourself. I mean, you can't reinforce the telephone or place your calls under a metal detector, you're basically at the will of these telephone terrorists. Their network is vast and capable of utter telephone destruction, hiring high school dropouts and druggies. And it is all happening right inside America folks, right underneath our noses and through the wires in our power lines hanging above our houses. So how do we stop it, you might ask. Like selling oregano to a 13 year old Korn fan, we must trick them. When these telephone terrorists call your house you must conceal your identity. Don't give them the pleasure of knowing that they have interrupted your American lifestyle, pretend to be someone else. Here's some lines that you can use when you answer the phone from now on: "Hello, Domino's Pizza, Jesus speaking how may I help you?" or "Dead Head Headquarters in Palatine, we're open and still token, Jerry here, what can I do for you bro?". The telephone terrorists will be totally thrown off by this. They will think, "Hey, I thought I was going to interrupt a prayer or at least a dinner, what is going on here". As you might have already noticed, there is one problem with this. What if the person who called was not a telephone terrorist? That's no problem, just throw out these lines when they act confused, "Hey bro, it's me (your name here), I was just kidding, this isn't Domino's pizza, but I really want some pizza, do you want to order one?" or "Hey, your not a telephone terrorist, coooool."

Reviews: Of course, send anything (records, zines, etc.) Send me something limited, I have a huge collection dating way back to winter of 2000.

Tie me laptop

Ads and Distro: ¼ of a page rings up at \$10 while the big ½ of a page cranks the price up to \$15. Can you handle it? If you can then try your luck at distributing **The Sound Interrupt** by grabbing 10 copies at an amazingly low price of 50 cent pieces each. Next issue comes out in the spring so don't delay! Send now!

Back Issues: Back issues are issues that came before the issue that you are holding. Back issues are not available.

On the cover: A little boys reaction after discovering he has a rather large penis!



Send the stuff to:
The Sound Interrupt
196 Fairfield
Elmhurst, IL 60126
bewhocorrupts@hotmail.com

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Subscriptions: Take the gamble. Send \$5 to the address that should be pasted somewhere on this page. You will receive 4 issues, which come out seasonally and the stuff the kids warned you about.

You want to tell me something? You want me to notice you? You want me to admire something other than my mind? You want to be more than the kid everyone called "freedom fighter" back in elementary school because you never wore underwear? Well now is the time to redeem yourself. Fill this out like an emo kids ass in his tight black pants and send it my way.

Dear Sound Interrupt,

Your zine a.)speaks "volumes on what it really means to push the envelope" (quote taken with permission for a Rolling Stones magazine) b.)is like White Castle; it's cheap, has no quality what so ever, and gives me the shits every time c.)sorta makes me want to make sorta come after makes so it when then turn out to be makes sorta(wow, that was heavy, maybe I can write music reviews for Punk Planet now). My favorite part about your zine was a.)all those funny things that you said that created hours of humorous conversation at my junior high lunch table b.)thinking about how much of a dumb ass you are to spend 3 whole days putting black lines around words, cutting them out, and pasting them on newspaper c.)finding that there was no anthrax hidden in your zine. While reading The Sound Interrupt I could not help but think of a.)what type of man it takes to create such a beautiful flow of exhilarating and tantalizing remarks that makes me want to jam out to my old Def Leopard records in front of my mirror b.)why you haven't interview my band "The Homework Haters" since we draw huge crowds, especially at the school talent shows we play c.)what the word "speed balling" means and if it has any sexual connotations since you are a man of the up most intense perversity. If I had to change one thing about The Sound Interrupt I would a.)make it free to the public since there are a lot of people that need help taking the stick out of their ass b.)slap you upside your head, tear off your nuts, and stick a sharp candy in your pee hole on Jesus's birthday c.)change the title of it to "Urine Nation" and make it a total crust punk zine dudd! I read The Sound Interrupt a.)while getting a tattoo that read "The Sound Interrupt: Smoke it, Toke it, But don't choke it" in old English of course b.)so I didn't have to make eye contact with that guy who always asks me to buy a flower at the Fireside Bowl c.)because I heard it was like Heartattack but without the politics, you know what I mean? Looking back now, The Sound Interrupt has taught me many lessons that are applicable to my life, like a.)some things are better than cruising in no cruising zones b.)kids who are sexually frustrated shouldn't write zines c.)\$9 will buy you to #4 extra value meals at Taco Bell and one side of cinnamon twists

Keep up the good work a.)lame b.)ass c.)don't inhale anthrax

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Columns

DAVE
HOFFA

'This Fool Is Trippin'

For once, it looks like I'm on time with this column. Now that this zine is coming out only twice a year, I really have no excuse to be late turning it in. Last time that we were supposed to have a "theme" issue I was the only one that stuck to the topic at hand, except for maybe one other esteemed columnist, so lets hope I don't look like an idiot again with this issue: How Did You Get Involved In Punk Rock? It always seems to be older siblings and social misfits that steer people like me in the right direction. If it weren't for my sister and the skateboarding kids that smoked in Junior High, I'm pretty positive that I would have found the light of punk rock, but not nearly early enough. Junior High was a pretty life changing time for me... musically, at least. I'm pretty bad at remembering what people's names are, or what year things happened in, so lets list the top ten things that happened in Junior High that had a major influence on me (no order): 1. Filled in on drums for my sister's band that ended up being my first show ever. There's a video out there of this show somewhere, but I have no idea who has it these days. The show was at the Elmhurst YMCA, so maybe my roots are in Elmhurst... nah. 2. Was lent my first Dead Kennedy's albums. I remember sneaking them home from a friend's house so my parents wouldn't see them in like 6th grade. 3. Went skateboarding for the first time. It was at College Of DuPage. 4. Was lent a Morbid Angel album ("Altars of Madness") that was

a dub on the flip side of a Grateful Dead tape. I have nothing to add to that. I just remember getting it in science class. 5. Heard the Red Hot Chili Peppers for the first time. I sure do have a picture of myself on my 12th birthday with Chili Peppers tapes I got as presents. I also recall riding my bike to Rose Records the day that "Blood Sugar Sex Magik" came out. It was the first album I bought that had a "parental advisory" thing on it. 6. Went to my first local show in the basement of a church and missed the band we went to see (I got off on the wrong foot with live shows that night). I met Dan (the drummer) from Screeching Weasel that night and was amazed that these guys in bands were just there hanging out. 7. Wrote a note to my first girlfriend and included Green Day lyrics to help say that I liked her. Result: her dating me for like a month, but probably thinking that I was crazy. I'm a loser. 8. Hung out with my sister in the parking lot of McGregor's. It was like a big party and everyone was getting along. So much fun. 9. Saw Jawbreaker at McGregor's when Blake could barely sing due to vocal problems, so audience members sang the songs for him. I remember him saying: "You keep singing them, and we'll keep playing them." Amazing. Side note: I used to have that show on videotape, but lost it or something. Date: 8/23/92, please help! 9.5 Coming home from school one day to a note from my sister that said: "My beloved Fugazi shirt has shrunk in the wash, you can have it". Amazing again. And finally.... 10. I was home sick from school one day, laying in bed and feeling how sick people that stay home from school do (pretty damn good), and my sister was home for some reason also, but getting ready to leave. She was playing a mix tape that one of her friends had made her or something and I heard the most interesting thing I had ever heard: "Tensions in our lives that are destroying our minds, unite themselves together to make our consciences blind..." What the fuck? I asked her what that "rap-like stuff" was that she was playing. "Operation Ivy!" came the answer. Wow. I liked it. In fact, I loved it. Later that week there was a copy of that same tape waiting for me when I got home from school that also included local favorites Gear and Screeching Weasel as well as bands like The Replacements and The Cramps. After that it was all over. Before it all becomes a total

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blur, I remember going to Phoenix Records (once again with the famed sister) and picking up the second Morbid Angel record (Though it's still number one in my book: "Blessed Are The Sick"). We were getting ready to check out and she showed me the Operation Ivy CD. "Just get it. Trust me, you'll like it." I bought it, and trust me, I still love it. She played in bands and wrote for zine's and did reviews for zine's and started liking bands that no one had ever heard of and ran into people on the street that she used to know that said things like: "I remember when you used to like Green Day and now they're huge!!!!" and she stayed damn cool. Every time that I think that I'm doing something punk rock and groundbreaking by writing a column or doing a review or playing a show, I have to give silent thanks to her and even my parents because it was her that said: "let him play drums" and "let him come see the show with me" to my parents when I was like 12, and it was them who let me go. So thanks, but I'm still working on the "staying damn cool" part. And that's how I got into punk rock. Current top five play list: Dillinger Four, Green Day, Less Than Jake, Necrophagist, and Down In Flames! Current top six everything else: my girlfriend, hanging out with my friends before they leave and become real adults, working on getting school over with, playing at the house of blues, winning the Sludgeworth LP on Ebay for dirt cheap, and Augustino's subs on St. Charles Rd. Current top five worst things: having to move my drum set around, not having food in my house, not seeing my girlfriend because of lame things like work, not being able to find the Hope Conspiracy/Burnt By The Sun split 7", and getting all of my cymbals and bass drum pedal stolen. Sorry if this column was just a lot of bullshit memories and (unintentional) name dropping, but that's the damn theme, and I had fun writing this. Contact: youngdave@spontaneous...bye.



2000

The Sin Dawg

I got into punk rock my sophomore year of high school (so about 7 years ago). I was a totally dorky kid with no clue what was going on, the only thing I had going for me was that I was really good at baseball so some of the jock guys dug me, but no one else did. My brother was in some bands and went to a few shows here and there, so that was my first exposure to punk music. I liked what I saw because people were actually nice to me and there was a sense of brotherhood. I started going to Grand shows (it is a little school that had shows once a month during the winter months) early in the school year. I saw bands like Tango Wedding Band, Monsignors, Hot Stove Jimmy, Instant Kafka, Thirsty Truckers, Lagosse, the list goes on. Everyone in the area that had a band played Grand. After a few Grand shows my brother brought me to the Fireside to see the Boogie Shoes, however they cancelled and a bunch of straight edge hardcore bands were playing. I asked my brother why everyone wore Adidas and Champion clothes, his response was simple, they are straight edge. That year I also started to go to Elmhurst VFW shows, Mike Frontside and I went to our first show there and it was Oblivion, Walker, The Fighters and The Parker Brothers that played. I can't remember a time when I was so excited about anything in my life, I went to this show where I was exposed to a whole new set of kids who were just like me. I finally found what I was looking for, where I wanted to be. That year I also saw White Zombie and Reverend Horton Heat, I totally pitted for WZ. There were these girls who were seniors when I was a junior, for those who aren't familiar with LTHS, it's a split campus and Fresh./Soph. go to the South Campus, and JR/SR go to the North. They began taking me to shows and helping me find out what good music was. It was the best! A whole year of hanging out with 6 attractive and super cool girls that would pick me up and drive me to shows. During this time I began going to more and more shows, learning more and more things that I normally would not have learned from the mainstream. Going to see bands like Los Crudos opened my eyes about a whole lot of issues I never knew existed. I would go to everything

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from Zoinks! to Integrity to The Toasters, To me at this time these shows were a group of proactive people trying to change something. The thing that interested me in this whole experience was that people in the scene were all doing their own thing because they wanted to. I later learned that this was totally incorrect but at the time I thought we were a group of individuals. I am still excited about music and shows, but I can say that nothing will beat the anticipation of waiting 2 months to see the Bollweevils play with the Bouncing Souls, and loving every second of it. Anyway from this experience I gained what my philosophy on life currently is, question everything. I also came away with hundreds of bad ska, pop punk, and hardcore records. I know it sounds lame but I don't know where I would be right now if I never started going to shows. Summer play list: Drowning Man, Spitalfield, Division, The Enemy, Alk 3, Tomsawyer, Rules of Attraction, 3 year old mix tapes, and Limp Wrist. Sinister Electronics
www.sinisterlabel.com.



**KAT
PETERS**

The Update

So I have this whole (overly?) personal thing in all my articles, and being that this is only going to be around twice a year now I think I'll just get everything out in one shot. Deep breath. So I was with this boy for a year. I remember the first time he called me...the fact that he waited two days after he got my number. I remember not getting lost on the way to his house (if you knew me you'd be amazed) and watching Pee Wee's Playhouse with him in an overly air-conditioned basement. Maybe a year seems like a long time and maybe it doesn't, but that's a lot of holidays and family parties and

movies and arguments. He was familiar with both cars that I drove, and all three of his had emergency backup lip glosses of mine hidden in random spots. We used to argue about Grand Theft Auto, "you just got shot", "nu uh it's still my turn". For some reason there's not too many pictures of us together and now I guess I hate that I never thought of it before. So anyway, he broke up with me. And then he stopped talking to me. I can't explain why because I don't really understand it yet either, but it really made me wish I'd cheated on him or peed on his car or something.(stupid morals). That all happened about a month ago, and since then I've been trying to talk to a lot of people that I never really had time for before. But the thing now is that everyone's leaving for school. All the people that I went to school with since kindergarten, the people that I secretly relied on all along, the girl that moved in across the street seven years ago...everyone's going away. And I'm trying to figure out who will sit on my curb with me too late at night when something goes wrong. And I wonder whose house I can walk to in my pajamas because I woke up wanting to talk. I guess this applies to my whole ordeal right now: there's things that change when you don't see them everyday. And on the other hand, there's things that always stay the same, but I'm just scared to see which is which. Hooray for the following music that's made me real, real happy lately: Braid (as always), American Football, Ani DiFranco (if you ignore that it could be considered lesbian rock and listen to the words, you might understand), Jimmy Eat World, Size 14, Jets to Brazil, and most definitely The Weakerthans. If anyone has anything to say you can e-mail me at: moonkat41@aol.com. Make sure you say something in the subject thing so that I don't think it's porn and delete it. Bye.



**DAN
AGENT**

it

Punk Rock

In the sixth grade, very few people I knew were into rock-n-roll. My Dad turned me on to classic stuff like Creedence Clearwater and Hendrix, but most of the kids around me were into booty-bumpin' dance music because that's what was considered "cool". While I credit my Dad for turning me on to rock music, I remember sitting at my cousin Matt's house listening to Black Sabbath's "Paranoid" album and nearly falling off the chair I was so blown away by the power and heaviness of it. Eventually, I was digging bands like Nirvana and Alice In Chains, and I credit the "Nevermind" album from Nirvana as one of the most influential albums ever made. After that came out, rock-n-roll suddenly became cool again. A year later, while I was in 7th grade, my friend Brad had made me a cassette copy of Pegboy's "Strong Reaction" album, and I was really stoked. I played the tape until it fell apart one day. Then, in 8th grade, I gave up on guitar lessons, and learned some chords from my friend Brett, who told me that Glen Danzig used to sing for the Misfits. I loved metal at the time, and I had a few Danzig albums, so I rushed out and bought Misfits "Collection 1" disc and slaved away in my basement, learning all 20 songs on the album. Around the same time, I was just starting to go to punk shows at Metro. I saw The Bollweevils, Blue Meanies, Sidekick Kato, and a lot of other bands in the "Chicago scene", and really enjoyed the sincerity and message behind it all. I would slam dance and surf, but the thing that kept me coming back was the sheer intensity and social message under the surface. While my friends who were into punk would play a lot of NOFX and Ramones (whom I both enjoy), I preferred the street-sound of Chicago bands. Eventually, I formed my own band (Secret Agent Bill) and we are still kicking ass and blowing minds wherever we go, thanks to the pioneers in Chicago that influenced us. Nowadays, most of the bands in Chicago are too soft. It's a rare moment to see a band whip a crowd into a sweaty circle-pit frenzy, which is the type of punk that hooked me in way back when. There are still torchbearers like Apocalypse Hoboken and Secret Agent Bill, who still play the fast and crazy stuff, but the majority of Chicago punks turned emo practically overnight. Most of the kids now would rather pay 15 bucks to see Weezer at the fucking Aragon Ballroom

then get pinballed around at a thrash show. I gotta give props to Fireside, Infant Island, and all of the kids who set up DIY shows as an alternative to using venues...you all know that rollerblading sucks, emo is pansy shit, and light beer is worse than decaffeinated coffee. If I sound a bit cocky, too fuckin' bad. I gotta tell it like it is. Basically, I love the energy and insanity that punk brings. We drink 40's, blow some hay, and turn the amps up to 11 to bend rules. Who says a punk band can't cover James Brown, or even play jazz??? These are bogus rules created by elitist punk wannabees who will never understand the true joy of listening to Miles Davis and being able to decipher 4ths from 5ths and harmonic minors from pentatonics. Punk is music for all ages, colors, genders, classes, and sexual preferences. Punk is the antithesis of commerciality in the music biz, and the thorn in the side of pop music culture. It is the spray paint covering the Britney Spears poster that reads: "Fuck You, Slut!". Punk is revolutionary music for people sick and tired of money-grubbing pop star bullshit, and the soundtrack of daily living for those who rebel against it. PS- I recommend the following: 7 Seconds "The Crew", Naked Raygun "Throb Throb", Minor Threat "Discography", Black Flag "Live 1984", Nirvana "Nevermind", Iggy & The Stooges "Raw Power", and Suicidal Tendencies "Suicidal Tendencies".

WEEK SERVICE



ADOLFO

Keep Metal Evil

Those newly acquired Dokken and Ratt shirts won't be tolerated in any sense. At least to those who appreciate real metal. Such bands as Manowar, Venom and Iron Maiden (DiAnno or Dickinson is another

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issue to be discussed (another time) are among some fine examples. I still find it bizarre to find certain celebrities admitting their love for the demonic rock, whilst saluting the crowd with the horned hand. I wonder if they comprehend the not so subtle message that goes with it. Go ahead and try it, you'll be sure to find the three sixes placed in there. It's also known as the sign of defiance towards the lord, but that goes without saying. It's time to pontificate the pros and cons Slayer's messages in 'Reign in Blood' had to offer. The kitsch of such 80's bands is unimportant and much more meaningful actions can be taken. Now there's this fusion of hip-hop/rap elements fused to metal, which has been a mole on the face of metal that needs to be surgically removed. Keep in mind that this isn't Onyx with Biohazard, nor Anthrax with Public Enemy. I actually enjoyed and am a proud owner of the 'Judgment Night' soundtrack, but this latest trend is uninventive and bland. In conclusion, the sad state of this scene has some redemption. Underground scenes have many fine bands to offer, you know this by now. Pay no mind to the rehashed sound, and keep metal evil.



**DAN
LUCKING**

**Dan Is Starting A Crust Punk Band
Called Urine Trouble**

That's it, I'm otta here. Well, I'm moving out. Looks like I'll have to grow up a little, and real fast. It's kinda scary to think that all my life I've had all the little things taken care of for me, like food, laundry, etc. You know the basics that you don't worry about. You're hungry, shit open the fridge. Bam! You have a cunning array of food to choose from. Now that I'll be sharing an apartment with three other people the opening of the fridge will be more like, shit, where did all the food go? Hmmm... mustard and

cheese. Yeah, you never worry about food at home. Laundry, this means I have to do my own. Ok, I'm 18...almost 19 and no, I haven't done one load of laundry. To tell you the truth that kinda shit scares me. Too many knobs and buttons. I don't know how to work that shit. Those things are death traps and you all know it. I guess it all has its perks. Of course, I have my own place. Well, with three other people anyway. No authority figures in the house. Now that's good. That's real good. Now I get to chew with my mouth open at the dinner table, and make funny sounds with my armpit, and the rest. Well,... you can just imagine it. Now the other bad part of it is the three other people, yeah we all get along now but just wait till one of those people wants to have a whole flock of people over and no one else does. I think I'll be spending a lot of time in my room playing 007. Yeah that game still rules. Ok I'm going to switch gears here for a minute. I'm gonna give you all a little dating tip. I was reading this book and I just have to share this "idea" with you. Ok when you on a date, lets say you at dinner.(oh yeah, the nicer the restaurant, the better the results) In the middle of dinner excuse yourself from the table. Go to the restroom and change into a superman suit. Wait five to ten minutes and return to the table in the superman suit breathing heavily. Offer no explanation to the situation at all. Don't even mention the costume. I'm telling you, this is gold.



**RYAN
DURKIN**

Thoughts on the Season

Fall: If you took out the "all" in fall and replaced it with "uck" you would then have the word fuck.



**TODD
FUIST**

**My Love Hate Relationship With
Those Proverbial Three Chords**

In Junior High I was a metal kid. I grew my hair long and rocked out to bands made up of four guys with no sleeves and skulls on their album covers. Yes. We all rocked back then. By late Junior High I had developed a friendship with two individuals. One was a scrawny little kid named Ryan and the other was a kid with big glasses and combat boots named Hoffa. They were metal kids too. Hoffa, however, was lucky enough to have an older sister who was into punk rock and who had taken him to a bunch of shows (see elsewhere in this zine, most likely). As such, when I asked Hoffa to make me a mix tape of cool metal bands (he always got wind of new bands before me) he filled up the second side with random punk stuff. Truth be told, I didn't really like any of it (Screaching Weasel, Mr. T Experience, The Ramones, and lots of other bands I never gave a fuck about), but it was a lot more compelling to me than the metal stuff. It seemed more stripped down, and there were no guitar solos, and it was a lot less pretentious, though somehow more urgent. So I did some research on punk rock and eventually hunkered down and bought The Misfits collection (before there was a second Misfits collection, that is) on tape (yes... tape. I told you I was metal). I probably listened to it about 1000 times that summer. I was absolutely hooked. It was like nothing I had ever heard. I did more research and started picking up anything I could find by old punk bands. A bunch of it didn't interest me, but I lucked out with a few (Black Flag, The Dead Kennedys, and Minor Threat most notably). Around this time, the aforementioned Ryan was going through a similar transformation. He eventually joined a punk band called The Undesirables and the two of us would sit in the back of class

making flyers. This, to me, was what punk rock initially represented. It was a form of freedom. It was so much more new and fresh and free than school that I didn't really give a fuck about class anymore. It suddenly wasn't as interesting as sitting in the back making flyers or writing lyrics. Slowly, I started going to shows and discovering record stores and new bands and new people to talk to. None of this has really changed much. I still pretty much feel the same way I do about punk rock, although my definition of what "punk rock" is exactly has broadened. It still means freedom to me. Freedom from the meager amount of choices we're all given. You can listen to this, or you can listen to that. You can dress like this, or you can dress like that. You can think like this, or you can think like that. Punk rock has meant, to me, a third option. A different route where more choices were available, and as such, I could construct my own identity with a great deal more control than I would have had otherwise. While the specific bands I listen to have changed, the ideals behind it all have remained the same. From day one it has been nothing short of an experiment in freedom to me.

month, De Shon said, about 20



**MIKE
LORR**

testing a machine capable of
handling international

**Hardcore Punk: Why Do I Say Fuck So
Much**

administration regulations
require airlines to match tickets

"...resistance, at root, must mean more than resistance against war. It is a resistance against all kinds of things that are like war...so perhaps, resistance means opposition to being invaded, occupied, assaulted, and destroyed by the system. The purpose of resistance, here, is to seek healing of yourself in order to be able to see clearly...I think that communities of resistance should be places where people can return to themselves and recover their

wholeness." —Thich Nhat Hahn. The topic of the season is how did us writer types become involved in punk rock? Mr. Durkin suggested this question possibly to spice up his hip punk zine or maybe he wanted the readers to laugh at the silly arguments we might make proclaiming the greatness of punk rock... who knows. With that great kernel of explanation I shall try to launch the reader into the world that is hardcore punk according to me and how I got into it—you know just the essentials—what everyone really would want to know is about the world according to Lorr. So first, to explain the long ass quote above and how it relates to my meaning and beginnings in hardcore, Thich Nhat Hahn is currently the Dali lama (a big deal dude in the religion of Buddhism). This quote has to do with his work resisting and fighting against the Vietnam War. I know that people are going to be like what the fuck you're just a stupid suburban white kid you had no wars to fight—how the fuck does this quote relate to hardcore at all? Isn't it just a fashion statement or a group of kids who think they are anarchists until they grow up and become businesspeople on Wall Street or similar purveyors of capitalism? Well, for me, that's just the point—hardcore is supposed to take people away from the stupid shit society puts people through not encourage it. For me, hardcore did this, it kept me "true to myself" and "against all authority," but on the other hand a lot of people see hardcore as just another type of music to listen to. I remember long before I knew what music was and feeling like people were trying to get me to do things I didn't want to. Perhaps the best example of this was when I was at the happy age where there was no school, no work, no bullshit: just playing in parks and sandboxes and babbling to everyone and especially to mom. One day I was told that I would have to go school to do fun stuff that teachers told me I should do and then they would make me practice (homework). In other words, I began to realize that my freedom was going to end and that people were going to begin forcing things at random down my throat whether I liked it or not. At the time I couldn't articulate it but words are just tools of the oppressor's anyway right? Something was wrong. Ever since that point in my life there has always been something that I think is fucked about this place—why should

people force other people to do things? And worse than that I found that people who thought like me began to dwindle, as I got older—I guess they started to "grow up" and I didn't. Here's the point people invade each other constantly even if it's not a full on war with bombs and missiles; it's still a fucking full on war. People want to control how you live so that there life becomes easier and yours becomes harder—fuck this psychosocial war of control. The problem is how. How can I not be a part of this fucking step on other people because others stepped on me? How can I live against this ignorant social hierarchy, which rains all kinds of garbage into my brain? Am I forever after a slave? ...Enter Hardcore Punk. After many years of frustration and solitude (mainly the year's between 6th and 9th grade) I began to listen to heavier forms of music and really dug radical ideas and oppositional politics—I found it, it didn't find me. Basically I had found a community of resistance, to use the Buddhist's terms. The hardcore that I see and participate in is one where music by the Dead Kennedy's are respected for there awesome lyrics and Propagandhi gets props for enlightening youngsters like me of alternative ways to think. And then there is just the brutal shit that has similar messages but lots more chug and growling and screaming. Hardcore Punk is this music that language lacks to capture a decent definition. This music allows for like-minded people to come together and hang out. Hardcore Punk is not a solution or a how to resist social gathering instead it is a healer and a semi spiritual way to keep sane in a world that just wants sheep to graze the pasture, cogs to turn in the machine, and inebriated boys and girls to happily float down the streets and fuck each other when the world ends. Hardcore can be as magical as religion and internet conversations or it can be as real as fires burning hot enough to melt concrete. Does your praxis jive with your theory? Fuck work. Fuck school...Fuck bureaucracy and the technocracy too...Fuck no. Fuck yeah... Fuck the capitalist death machine and social hierarchy too...Fuck Control...but most importantly Fuck the people who say that's crazy that'll never work—just think if all those people would try...it would work...it can work. Go outside and play. If you care write me at couterAfriiction@aol.com.

Apocalypse Hoboken

WESTLAKE MOTORS LTD

It was sad to hear that Apocalypse Hoboken broke up. For many, Apocalypse was the band that got them into Chicago punk rock. A great live show and an all around fun band to listen to and watch. Releasing a slew of records and completing many tours, Apocalypse definitely made their mark. Below is an interview that I conducted with their drummer, Andy Peterson.

Many people have been wondering why Apocalypse Hoboken broke up. Could you fill us in on?

We just petered out. I wasn't going to stick around if we were just going to tread water, and that's essentially what was happening. I may be the only one who noticed, so when I pushed everyone to do new things and just be more flexible in general, I probably killed the "fun" aspect of being in a band. The "Microstars" album was really the start of something entirely new for us, but the momentum died, and for a lot of reasons. I'd like to say that one or two people were responsible, but the truth is, no one was showing up at practice with songs flying out of their heads. Todd usually didn't show up at all. There was a lot of blaming, but that's about all that happened. That final line-up we had was writing some excellent stuff, but there was too little effort, and I feel if we can't compete with the best, we should bow out. I didn't want to let people down by going about things in a half-assed manner. I thought the trip to Europe would get everyone enthusiastic about the band, but I just don't think anyone really looked at "saving" Hoboken. I'm not happy about it, but that's how bands usually end. Everyone just drifts apart.

(INCLUDING OUR NEWEST ARRIVAL)

Compared to other record labels that you worked with, how was it working with a label like Kung Fu Records?

EXPERIENCE THE FRINGE

Kung Fu was really the first label we worked with that behaved like a label. That's both good and bad, of course. The problem with Kung Fu was that they were a new label when we joined, and they made a lot of mistakes. It's hard to criticize the people there, because they really liked us (which is really saying something!), but unless we figured out a way to promote ourselves besides just touring, it just wasn't going to happen. Even when we started getting airplay in Chicago, Kung Fu pretty much told me they couldn't do anything to build on it. They didn't know how. That sent us into panic mode right there, but what can you do when the bottom drops out? We got to play with The Vandals and The Ataris in both the US and Europe, and we got tour support money, but we're just a hard sell. They gave up, and so did we. I mean, when opportunity comes a knockin', you have to answer with all you've got. In our case, Kung Fu turned to other matters, and so did we eventually. And that was the end of that relationship. If we had continued touring, we'd be so hopelessly broke right now. But Kung Fu gave us the opportunity to really try, and we toured pretty relentlessly from 1997 to 1999. It just wasn't enough. I know people think of us as primarily a punk band, but we never fit in with that scene, and we knew it. We couldn't branch out.

From a personal standpoint, what has changed for you as far as your motivation to play in bands since you started playing punk rock?

I just had this discussion with Pete (ex-Oblivion, now in Mexican Cheerleader) last weekend. I used to love playing wherever and whenever we could, but once you start touring, it becomes your life, and it can get frustrating. I started feeling like I was part of a freak show. I would be totally busting my ass on stage after 5 or 6 consecutive shows, tired as hell but still fighting, and there would be people who'd watch with that look on their face like "God, that whole thing just smacks of effort". It's funny to think about it now, but when it's happening, it really gets you pissed off. I guess that's just the nature of performing. Just always assumed that punk rockers were a little damaged and more open minded, but the usual assholes are everywhere. Blink 182 was on the MTV 20th anniversary special last week thanking MTV for putting punk rock on the air. And you know what? They are punk. If I had a band like that at the Fireside, people might complain, but I'd be selling the place out within 6 months. I'm just not interested anymore. The danger is gone. Now it's just music, mostly bad music. All friendly handshake bands looking for an audience. Pandering. I sound pretty bitter, huh? I just hope people get pissed off eventually. I know I am.

Being in a band for as long as you guys have, what differences do you find in the Chicago punk scene of today from the punk scene that existed in Chicago back when you started?

When we started, there wasn't anyplace to play, so Chicago has got it much better now. I really don't know who's playing now, so I can't really make any comparisons. I used to go to shows at the Metro, and they allowed stage diving back then. I was just a little guy, and there were always five or six sweaty bald dudes who'd lock arms and plow everyone over. It looked like a bad punk rock movie scene, but it was unique and unknown. Those days are gone, but I know people still feel it's their own thing, and they support touring bands, so it probably hasn't changed a whole lot from when I got into punk rock, just less violent. Still predominately white, middle class kids. Whatever happened to bands like Bad Brains?

connected like textbooks. "It's starting to become popular at some univer-



language computers in the Classroom." After studying several kind-

Since Apocalypse Hoboken has broken up, have the other band members decided to play in other bands or is this it?

I'll do music my whole life, and that's it. I played in Apocalypse Hoboken because I liked the music we did. I didn't need more friends. I never got laid. The motivation for each of us is different, but we've all done music since we were little kids, and we all have huge record collections, and we worship bands and musicians. When a band stays together as long as we have, you know it isn't because we're chasing trends or because the money is good. Breaking up was so hard because this is all we've ever done. If we had been able to work things out, I would have kept going. Who would notice if we did, anyhow? It's not like we sell half a million records. Everything we got to do was a privilege, because we just wanted to play. I know we'll all keep going. Todd's not going to stop. I think a new scenario would help him get back into why he started in the first place. Kurt is playing in The Nobs with Scott Ozark (Ex-Oblivion). I play in Mexican Cheerleader with Pete. Eric and John joined last, but they were already in bands, so

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they're back to what they were doing. We'll be around. I'd like to start another serious, full-time band, but it's going to take time to get something together. If anyone ever hits the road again, it'll either be me or Todd (or both).

What were some of your favorite bands to play with when you first started? What were some of your favorite bands to play with just before you broke up?

I don't remember much anymore. I'm like 60 years old now. I used to enjoy playing with Sidekick Kato. We went to Cleveland with them, and it was a blast. I can remember going to Canada with Oblivion, and Slapstick a separate time. Both times were great, and they're all great guys. I liked the Bollweevils, 88 Fingers Louie, V-Reverse were awesome. No Empathy was great. The Blue Meanies pretty much educated us on how to do a show. The bands that were around when I actually started playing were terrible. I personally liked the guys in Screeching Weasel and Sludgeworth, but musically they were pretty bad. I loved Gear, but they're gone. Now I'm missing a whole bunch. We toured with Suicide Machines, and they're really good friends. I like The Vandals, and The Ataris got really good. I miss Orange Crotch. We did a tour with Wretch Like Me and Armchair Martian. That was one of the worst ever, but those bands were amazing. The Candy Snatchers, too. I liked Ten Foot Pole, ironically. Not my kind of music, but what the hell. With Mexican Cheerleader, we play with The Mashers and Mushaganas quite a bit. The Arrivals are excellent, much better than they should be. They make me like punk rock again. Alkaline Trio is everywhere. I don't quite get what they do, but they really deserve to make it, if only because they're nice to me, and not many people are nice to me anymore. I saw Jeff Pezzati sing Naked Raygun songs with The Arrivals a couple months ago at the Limerick. I'm not even cynical enough to deny how much fun that was.

How was the European Tour? Any interesting stories?

I absolutely loved that tour. It was every bit as much fun as I could have imagined. We had a driver named Marcia who was essentially doing her first stint as a tour manager when we came along. We gave her hell, but she gave it back pretty good, too. We played Glasgow, Scotland the first night and sucked really bad. So we got drunk (or in Todd's case, annihilated), and pledged not to suck anymore. The second night was worse, so we drank more, and pissed all over the streets of Sheffield. Our show in Newport, Wales was amazing, and John kissed a girl and woke up with a new mouth sore (to match hers). We played the Astoria in London, and Brighton, and a couple other places, too. As far as stories, I think you had to be there. With a driver and English beer, we didn't even attempt to behave. When we got there, I told Todd to xerox his passport and not carry the original with him, and also not to carry all his cash with him at once. So of course, our first night there, he gets his wallet stolen at a club, but luckily he followed my advice. His bag got left in Nottingham at the last show. So he essentially came back home with a passport and maybe a couple bucks American money. I know he didn't think it was funny, but it kinda was. We got the bag back. Erik says it was the best time he's ever had, but I bet he doesn't remember half of it. We were very, very bad boys. I love it over there. You can play for two weeks in a country the size of Wisconsin.

terflies? engineer- and con-aminated by heavy metals may have been taken by researchers at Purdue University. They report isolating genes that apparently enable plants to accumulate metals at a very high rate.

About 350 plant species are

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"Over 5 or 10 years by growing crop rotations there you could remove the metal from the site. It's cheap, and you're left with soil that could be used for other things."



Compared to other places that you have played on the road, how does Chicago hold up?

It's our hometown, so we're kind of biased. Chicago is pretty hard on touring bands, because The Fireside has shows every night. I know Chicago is even hard on us, but most cities have pretty hardcore scenes. We always did well in New York City. Detroit, Cleveland, Minneapolis, and Green Bay are Midwestern staples, and always great crowds. Milwaukee is a mystery to me. No matter how many times we played there, it's like everyone was out of town the next time we came back. We always did well in Texas, and we must've played Arizona a dozen times going back and forth to California, Denver, too. Great scene there. We put out a CD on Suburban Home out of Denver. All time worst place to play for Apocalypse Hoboken? California. It's like playing a high school assembly. With the exception of one small show we did at Bollocks in LA, I always hated California. I hate California bands for the most part, too. They should move all the people from California out here and let us live there. Chicago people rule, and we know how to drive. Even where we played in London, most of the kids were dressed like little California skaters. Kerrang reviewed our show there and said what we were doing was over everybody's head. I thought that was great.

Any final comments?

I hope people remember Apocalypse Hoboken fondly. I knew I could never just join a successful band in Chicago. I'd have to start my own. Just look at Alkaline Trio. Matt Skiba played with multiple bands as a drummer, but to get out of this town, you've got to start your own. Part of the reason Apocalypse Hoboken kept going is because no one came along to push us out of the way. And no one ever did. I took responsibility for Apocalypse Hoboken and worked really hard to push it along, and when people crossed us, I took it very personally. The band was a brotherhood, and we looked after each other, and suffered with each other. I'm happy with what we accomplished, and we did accomplish quite a bit. I don't know if people understand the amount of flak we caught throughout the years. It made us fight back. There's nothing left to fight now. I would just hope that people could be more supportive of bands without the jealousy and backstabbing. I never made a dime doing this. Very few ever do. But we loved it.

...we're broadening the appeal while keeping the nameplate fresh in consumers' minds. Look for Chrysler to continue to launch similar models," said Tom Marinelli, vice president of Chrysler brand for Daimler-



the pedals) and the largest driven sprocket (the one at the

Imagine, if you will, a bicycle with pulleys and a V-belt in-

bringing the rock

SINISTER LABEL

www.sinisterlabel.com

The bike are pedal any faster so you shift the chain to an even smaller,

the belt would ride higher in the groove. Move the cones

engine to best speed

Police Blotter

■ Authorities were searching for a man who got away after a recent car theft and police chase. Police said the man took the keys to a 1985 Oldsmobile from a woman from the 300 block of South Smith Street while she was sleeping. After leading police on a chase, the man abandoned the car, hid from police and returned to apologize to the victim, police said.

■ Authorities are searching for the drivers of two all-terrain vehicles who police said were seen driving through and damaging a seeded farm field recently at Kendall and Connors Roads. Police said the property owner was able to chase the vehicles in his pickup truck but lost sight of them.

■ A passerby Sunday night robbed a drunken 42-year-old homeless man lying on the ground after he fell off his bicycle at Lincoln Avenue and Benton Street, police said. The robber got out of a van, took the bicyclist's wallet and got back in the van, which then drove off.

■ A man wielding a knife recently intimidated a clerk at 7-Eleven, 2119 Bloomingdale Rd., into handing over \$200, police said. The robber also took a Playboy magazine and cartons of cigarettes, police said.

■ A 72-year-old resident of the 100 block of College Drive recently told police somebody picked up a bicycle that he had left curbside for trash collection and tossed it through a window of his house, police said. Damage was estimated at \$100, police said.

■ Police said a resident from the 50 W 300 block of Lakin Road reported that he recently caught two dogs chasing chickens on his property. The victim said a neighbor owns the dogs.



■ A Chicago man recently was arrested after calling police to report an armed robbery in the parking lot of Elmhurst Memorial Hospital, 200 N. Berteau Ave., police said. Police said Paul Beneos, 73, of the 4300 block of North Keystone Avenue made up the story, hoping he would be given a ride home. Beneos was charged with felony disorderly conduct and taken to DuPage County Jail, police said.

the engine stays at a fairly constant r.p.m. Whereas in most cars you can gauge your speed by engine sound, a car with

Photo Gallery

Tale of Genji "High Times" Tour

Just Smoking ...
By
Tale of Gunja

Tale of Genji Claims #1 Status in Texas!
By
Tale of Gunja

Getting Baked in the Desert
By
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Reporters

SUNDAY

Inside Final

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Inside Tech

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uses Power Point presentations

Tale of Genji Claims #1 Status in California!

By
Tale of Gunja

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"The students enjoy these presentations, and their grades

have gone up as we

Spanish classes also use the Web.

A project in one S involved the student

file photo by Jerry Tomaselli
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Smoking Up In Front Of The Bakery

By
Tale of Gunja

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Stevenson is more than just a
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Tale of Genji Claims #1 Status in Oregon!

By
Tale of Gunja

At Consolidated High School
District 230 in Orland Park.

said TIENet's founder and chief
executive Barbara Nadler who

use the internet and other tech-
nologies as learning tools.

So companies like Software
for Educational Excellence Inc.
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teachers streamline their new
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TIENet is a new venture by
New Jersey-based Software for
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by as much as 80 percent, ac-
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"We give teachers an instruc-
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Teachers at Stevenson are is-
sued laptops for class planning.

"Today, virtually my entire
teaching career is stored elec-
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hysterics



Rockmont, Illinois

One of the few pop punk bands left in Chicago, The Hysterics have been playing out for a while. At times they remind me of the Descendents though there songs have a little more drive to them. I haven't had a girlfriend in a long time, below you will find the pent up evidence. Paul/Guitar, Ryan/Bass, Dave/Vocals, and Brian/Drums.

Premiere Show Featuring The Hottest

If you were to explain how The Hysterics sound to a four year old girl what would you say?

Paul: Music that would make you shove pebbles up your nose.

Brian: Better than hopscotch baby!

What if the four year old girl was deaf?

Dave: She'd be shit out a luck.

Which member of The Hysterics has the biggest penis?

Brian: We're all eunuchs, but Dave has the biggest strap on.

If you were somehow able to transfer the number of inches Dave's strap on was into years, would that calculation equal how long the Hysterics have been together?

Paul: We hate math but we've been together 4 years.

Does a big penis really please girls or do women like the small penis?

Ryan: Of course, big penis's please women.



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312.993.0393 to register.

Which member of the Hysterics looks most like a penis and why?

Brian: Paul, because he walked away for a second.

Fed links for kids

Can any of you guys play your instruments with your penis?

Paul: Does the skin flute count?

If I were to say penis really fast what would you do?

Ryan: My god man, just go out and get some sex.

Ok, enough of this penis stuff. What's to come for the Hysterics in the future? Any new records, etc.?

Ryan: We have tons of new songs & hope to record when we get the cash together. Other than that we're just playing out as much as we can so look for us in venues near you!



objects includes famous, unusual and everyday items with stories to tell. This site is guaranteed to be a public purpose.

The site features schools and communities together to enlist citizens as citizens. The power of kids is celebrated. E-mail tribtech



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If they refused, they were threatened with a lawsuit.

Zine Reviews

self-serve

Pitfall / #1 / Free - This zine is really cool. Very small and simple. It's almost as simple as getting a science major to laugh at a joke like "A neutron walks into a bar and asked the bar tender how much a drink is. The bartender says, for you it is free of charge". Four pages altogether, with two pages of hardcore writing, no pun intended, and then a big poster on the other side of that band that's really big with the adolescence today called Walls of Jericho. Most zines you would be able to read while taking a shit, this one you can read while taking a piss.
(backsidedisastertobroksnipe@hotmail.com)

PITFALL

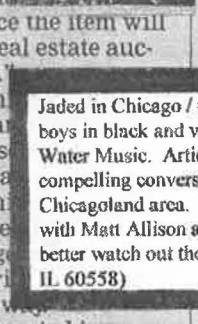
Survivor / #9 / Donation - According to the address on this zine this guy lives in New York but after reading this I have a feeling he spends a lot of money on postage because he must live on Pluto or something. This is one of those zines that you read one page, put it down, and say "What the fuck did I just read". I really couldn't tell you what this zine is about because I'd be lying if I said I knew but I like that about it. Get this guy off the streets and put him in a hardware store, he is a fucking nut and a half. Should nuts write zines., hell yeah! (Evans / Apartment 2E / 11-15 45th Ave. / LIC, NY 11101)

Shazzbutt! / #6 / \$1 - I was scared that Mark wasn't going to make another issue of Shazzbutt! after the arrest and everything. For those of you who didn't hear Mark was arrested for possession of two bags of cocaine. Him and his friends were playing hide and go seek and I guess Mark was hiding under a porch that was used by the neighborhood drug dealers as a storage place for their cocaine. Next thing he new the cops busted him while quietly sitting Indian style on two bags of cocaine. He tried to tell the cops that it wasn't his stuff but I think the shirt he was wearing that said "I blow, you blow, we all blow" rubbed the cops the wrong way. Too bad he never writes about these things in his zine though. I feel like I'm always telling his best stories in mine. (Shazzbutt! / 5413 S. 6th Ave. / Countryside, IL 60525)

Jaded in Chicago / #12 / Free - You know the drill. Slick layouts, guitars, beautiful boys in black and white, and so forth. Good interviews with Propagandhi and Hot Water Music. Articles with Mait Allison and Double Zero are bound to create compelling conversations across high school lunch tables all around the Chicagoland area. I can already hear them now "Our band "Monday" should record with Matt Allison and then send our demo to Double Zero....oh man, Alkaline Trio better watch out then!!!" (Jaded In Chicago / 4031 Forest Ave. / Western Springs, IL 60558)

that customers will give the Shon said there are

Skiteater / #2 / Donation - This is right up my alley. My three favorite things; punk, porn, and punk. I think my favorite part of this zine was the porn story in it. That's what is missing in punk today, more punk porn stories. However, none of that "As I took off his Diesel Boy hoody I began to tingle all over wondering where his No Use For A Name tattoo would be on his well sculpted chest". I'm talking "Will you fuck me in the ass this time" (Dahlia 25). Break out the leather whip and pick up a copy of this!! (Skiteater / PO Box 197 / Steger, IL 60475)



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Record Reviews

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Tomsawyer / "Rewriting The Framework" / Pacifists Records / CD - These horny bastards! Wow, what a pornographic masterpiece they have made here. While most punk bands use "Whoa Oh's" for backing vocals these guys collaborate with each other to create orgasmic moans over such numbers as "Building False Empires" and "Two Dimensional". The song "Summer" really brings out the lyrical greatness of this four piece, talking about how they like summer because the ladies wear less clothing. "Marooned At The Fifteen" deals with....well, maybe I shouldn't talk about that kind of stuff here. Refer to the interview in this issue for more information on Tomsawyer's push to move sexuality back into the forefront in the 2000's. (Pacifists Records / 8502 1/2 Brookfield Ave. / Brookfield, IL 60513)

The Paper Chase / "Ctrl-Alt-Delete-U" / Divot / CD - Highly recommended. Definitely a band that you can make strong mathematical calculations to, without worrying about confounding variables. Speaking of variables, if "x" equals a thirty seven year old man who invites 13 year old boys from down the hall in his apartment building to watch "X-Files" every week while eating Kentucky Fry Chicken, and "y" equals a thirty-one year old woman who is trying to purchase the severed arm of Def Leppard's drummer because she wants to sleep with it, what does $x + y$ equal? It's simple, someone from Indiana. (Divot / PO Box 14061 / Chicago, IL 60614-0061)

Arab On Radar / "Yahweh Or The Highway" / Skin Graft Records / LP/CD - My prayers have been answered. Finally, a band that shares my sense of humor. I couldn't help quote the lyrics of this band while at work. One of the older women that works next to me was asked what I wanted to do with my life. I thought about it for a minute and said "I aim to keep that dangerous juice in my nuts where it belongs". She hasn't talked to me since then. I told another guy at work who was complaining about the declining of oil in the world that "ejaculation is a waste of valuable resources" and that oil could suck it. Don't send your kids to school, buy them this record and they will have all the knowledge they'll ever need. (Skin Graft Records / PO Box 257546 / Chicago, IL 60625)

Frontside / "ST" / Self-Released / CD - Yep, this record is definitely a rager. Multiple doses of anger all tied up in a plastic bag. I mean, you got to protect that shit. Stuff like that only comes around every so often. These guys toured with Tomsawyer last summer. Lets just say those plastic bags came in handy... those horny bastards. (xtoothsawx@juno.com)

Mary Tyler Morphine/Munition / "ST / Failed Experiment Records / CD - Haven't had a split CD to review in a long time. Good stuff. Both bands contribute some cockcabolaitious tracks. Here's a science joke for Failed Experiment Records. A neutron walks into a bar and asks the bartender how much it would be for a drink. The bartender turns to the neutron and says, "For you, it's free of charge". Warning: Please don't become a nerd like me. You'll never get anywhere in life and you'll just keep making one issue of a bad zine after another. (failexperimentrecords.com)



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Frontside!

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River City Rebels / "Playing To Live, Living To Play" / Victory Records / CD – I'm not well versed in this type of music but I'll give it a shot. It sorta sounds like a nice neighborhood parade and then every once and awhile you'll hear some forty year old drunk Irish army veterans shouting at the twelve year old baton twirlers in front of them because they are slowing down the procession of the parade. The catch is that these Irish guys have shit in their pants and have some old guy dressed in purple in a wheel chair throwing tootsie rolls to little girls that he thinks are cute. You know what I'm talking about? Good, because I don't have a fucking clue! (Victory Records / 346 N. Justine St., Suite 504 / Chicago, IL 60607)

V/A / "A Day In The Air Mix CD" / Adita Records / CD – Bradley is one heck of a guy, collecting over 30 tracks of cool DIY punk rock on this disc. A band named The Organ has a song on here called "Quality Time With Jesus". I couldn't help think about all of the times my religion teacher would try to get us to be silent for 5 minutes and spend some "quality time with Jesus". I would usually sit in my chair and wonder why all Catholic schoolgirls smell like a van full of ten college guys that think farting is still funny and like to rate each others farts from 1 to 10. 1 being "not a rager" and 10 being "a hella ripper!". (www.adita.org)

John Brown Battery / "The Only Normal People Are The Ones You Don't Know That Well" / Kill Your For A Dollar Records / World Won't Listen Records / CDEP – Boy, do I love it when bands have really long album titles. The title takes up so much space that before you know it the review is almost over. The title seems to keep going and going as the reviewer keeps going and going and pretty soon you don't know where anything is going. And then adding to this you have two record labels sharing the release so that takes up even more room in the review which leaves the reviewer with that much less reviewing to actually do because the two record label names have already taken up so much room that the review is almost over when you have finally finished writing these names. By the way, this record is very good. (Kill You For A Dollar / PO Box 68015 / Grand Rapids, MI 49516-8015 / www.worldwontlisten.com)

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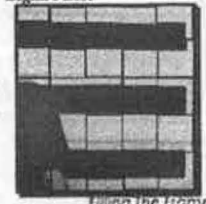
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Ambition Mission / "S/T" / Government Music / CD – I love this band. Wait...let me rephrase that. I loved this band. Yes, this is the final release from Ambition Mission. A discography of all of their stuff produced through their way to short stint as a band. As I told Justin from Government Music, there are few bands left today that actually embody the punk spirit. Ambition Mission really kept that going while they were around. They gave me hope, in times when Chicago was generating one mediocre band after another. Though the recordings vary on this CD all the tracks are keepers and I highly recommend adding this record to your collection. (Government Music / 1428 W. Bryn Mawr Ave / Chicago, IL 60660)

er hardware devices like desk-

Logan's Loss / "Filling The Frame" / Note To Self Records / CD – I'm down with these sounds. On that note, I'm trying to stop going to Taco Bell. When you work a job and get paid \$8.50, half the cost of a Taco Bell extra value meal #4, it's hard trying not to smuggle your sperm across the Mexican border. One Mexican pizza, two soft shell tacos, and a cool, refreshing Pepsi to slide that masterpiece down your throat that is stiffened like an erection over all of this ecstasy. The Loss is putting something out on Sinister Label in the future. Buy, becoming DIY, then die. (Note To Self Records / PO Box 68055 / Schaumburg, IL 60194)

Logan's Loss



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*tomsawyer

Here at the Sound Interrupt we try to portray to the reader the other side of their favorite bands. To some the other side of Tomsawyer may be utterly disgusting and shocking however others may hold this band in praise for pushing the exotic limits with their no hold bars attitude on sex in the punk rock music industry. Questions answered by Joe.

I know you guys are huge porn movie freaks, so I'll start out by asking, "Edward Penis Hands" or "Shaving Ryan's Privates"?

The only porn any of us have ever seen is in the movie Gummo, and I didn't even look. That stuff is too gnarly for us.

Besides shopping at porn stores around the country what else did you do on tour? Any non-sticky stories that you would like to tell the readers?

Actually the only porn store we went to was in the middle of Texas and we were merely asking for directions to Amarillo and the next thing you know our guitarist got hit in the face with a belt buckle and hit several times in the knees with a hammer.



I heard your bass player could almost shoot his load ten feet. What is wrong with him?

Ryan Durkin no longer plays bass with us, we kicked him out. I guess his load was a gift the he had and would often share with the world but it happened way to often and at the wrong times during our sets, so that's why we kicked Ryan Durkin out of this band.

I have to say, I really enjoy your lyrics. Especially in the song "Magic Bullet Theory" when you sing "Hey baby it's going to get scary when I show you my big hairy magic bullet theory". What inspires you to cum up with these lyrics?

Once again those lyrics were all sang by our late bassist Ryan Durkin, the lyrics have since changed but we still have great memories of practicing with Ryan and him reciting those lullabies late into the night.

With your new record out, *Rewriting the Framework*, are you planning on contracting the songs out for soundtracks to upcoming porn flicks or would you rather watch a porn without hearing your music in it?

No, I believe Kungfu Rick and Frontside both have a monopoly on the porn soundtrack stuff, they've been doing it for so long now they've become masters.

Do you think your songs will get any play by DJ's in local strip clubs like Dancer's or All Star's?

Not really, it's all about live performance, but we did play at Riley's Rock House once, that place is pretty sleazy.

I know that some hands like to look at porn while they record their songs, do you guys do that because I could swear I heard someone moaning during one of your songs on the new record.

Actually when we were on tour doing studio sessions with Hewhocorrupts in West Germany and Belgium last year, those guys kept buying all this crazy S&M porn. It became ridiculous because they were actually pawning off and selling equipment to get their hands on some real sick stuff. Boxes filled to the brim of pure disgusting pleasure overloaded their '84 station wagon and eventually they were trying to smuggle the stuff into our van and all of a sudden the media and the press found the stash in our van and we got kicked off of our major label and now we are stuck doing Sound Interrupt interviews.

Thanks for the interview guys. Call me the next time you guys go out for an adult video run!

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Bye Bye

When someone says goodbye one might say they are having an emotional release. The person might cry or feel sad because they are saying goodbye. Others might have a physical release instead, in the form of hugging or kissing the one they are saying goodbye too. Therefore I find this a very appropriate sector to leave my readers with one of the worst physical releases that I have ever felt. Who: Me, What: Diarrhea and Vomit, Why: Because I felt like shit, Where: On a soccer field in Elmhurst, When: Spring of 1989 while playing defense for the Orange Crush. As I said before, I felt like shit that day, little did I know my feelings would slide down my shorts in a couple minutes. I was around 10 years old and sucked at playing soccer. Instead of playing defense I pretended to be Slimer from the movie "Ghostbusters" and ran around chasing the kids on my soccer team while we were playing another team. This day wasn't like the others though. I had way too much Ecto Koolaid and Star Crunches before the game. As I began to chase after our teams goalie I felt a strange wetness in my pants. (This was definitely not caused by the soccer moms that were standing around, although I do find them very attractive now that I'm older!) Either my butt was producing root beer without my permission or I was having a bad ass diarrhea attack. The latter was in effect, and if it couldn't get any worse I started to vomit all over the place. Not only did the kids on my team think I was weird because I chased them around screaming "Slimer is coming to slime you" but now they saw this kid running around crying with diarrhea spilling out of his shorts while vomiting. I don't want to have diarrhea anymore... or vomit attacks.

By James M. Flammang

Thank you to the following for making this issue possible: Apocalypse Hoboken, The Hysteries, Tomsawyer, Dave Hoffa, Craig Sinister, Katherine Peters, Mike Lorr, Dan Lucking, Adolfo, Dan Agent, Todd Fuist, Eric Broers, Harmless Records, Sinister Records, Jade Tree Records, Note To Self Records, and Pacifists Records.

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